

# THE GIVVER

Saturday, May 26, 1866.



Drawn by PAUL GRAY.]

[Engraved by CASSELL, FETTER, AND GALPIN.]

"She rose up, and laid her hand appealingly upon my arm."—p. 562.

## MY DEAD SISTER.

### PART II.

THE day that Mr. Cooper left us, Ellen was very grave and silent; kind she was in her manner, and far from sad, but absent, and with an inclination to watch my father, and at the same time to

fondle him, that made my cheeks glow with causeless indignation.

For me, I was in my worst of moods. This story, I have already said, is put on record for

a warning. Now I add that those are to take warning who pass at most times as amiable people, can be affable and attractive when it pleases them, but have seasons when their temper turns acid, when their best friend will do well to be cautious, and an unlucky word falls upon them like a spark into a powder-magazine. At such a moment, a well-meaning minister will ruin the usefulness of years. At such a moment, a husband will sow the seed of alienation and jealousy in the heart of a loving wife. At such a moment, people do what they recoil from in horror afterwards; for the doom of a lifetime may be sealed in an instant, and you remember on your death-bed, with a shudder of remorseful dread, or a tear of gratitude for pardon, the fruit of some passing impulse, the baleful effect of some light word, or thoughtless and momentary deed. Your hand is on the trigger of your pistol—pull it, as your brain reels in passion, and how many tears will it require, when you are cooler, to restore the life that has sped? It is done. You shall live the life, you shall die the death, of a murderer. You belong to the brotherhood of Cain. Upon you, also, God has henceforth set a mark. \* \* \* Do these lines palliate, or do they intensify my crime? Alas! neither. I join hands with many an average person who eats his dinner off presentation-plate; but I also—the widow of Hamilton Leslie, the daughter of William Waterton—I join hands with many a murderer that has atoned for his crime with his life.

They say that I exaggerate; they attribute the catastrophe to chance. I know not. Read on, O pitiful woman! O just, yet remorseful man! and as you mentally pass sentence upon my offence, beware that no such *chance* ever desolate your own youth and cloud your declining years.

I said that I was in the worst of moods. Everything was seen through a coloured and distorted medium. Ellen's grave and tender eyes, that followed her father from the breakfast-table round the garden and back to his study, seemed to be the eyes of a spy. At luncheon I arrived late, and surprised my father with an explosion of passion, such as he had never seen, and he rebuked it with a grave and firm regret that for a moment nearly turned the tide. But, after an early dinner, when Ellen and I were going to the drawing-room, my father said, "Stop for a moment, girls, I have something important to tell you of."

We both sat down, and I saw that Ellen's agitation made her handkerchief tremble in her hand, while he proceeded—

"My dear girls," said he, "you have had as good an education as this neighbourhood renders possible, but I wish you to see as well as read, and to speak the languages you study. For your sakes, therefore, I have determined to let this cottage for a year or two, and take a villa in the north of

Italy, or else in the south of France. A decision must be speedily made, and I leave it to you to choose, but let me know your wishes pretty soon."

So spoke the grave and kindly old man, but I answered, fast and hotly—

"I have no choice upon the subject. I should rather stay. Pray, don't disturb yourself on my account."

My father looked exceedingly annoyed, but he only said—

"Perhaps you mistake my words, Harrie. I asked you to choose between two places, not between three. And you will confine your choice to Italy or France."

In a moment the spark, as I said, was soaring in the magazine. My cheeks tingled, and my heart beat loudly, regularly, painfully.

"Ay," said I, "we are in haste to leave England for the children's sake. Was it for us that Mr. Cooper came? What did *he* say this morning about leaving the country?"

"Silence!" cried my father, looking as I had never seen him, and rising to his feet; "silence! and leave this room, and keep your own until I send for you. Stop, Ellen, let her go alone, and leave her alone until morning."

And so I went to my own chamber. But when the library door closed, I took off my slippers, glided down the back-stairs, and across the yard, into the grounds. Rage and disobedience were like wind and tide pressing together the same way, and I roamed about, striking the heads off roses, and kicking at the daisies as I passed, till suddenly, by an evil fate, I came upon my sister, sitting beside the lake alone, in a fanciful arbour, which had been there since we bought the cottage.

Her eyes were full of tears; but when she saw me, she said, "Oh, Harrie, for shame! Be wise, and go back to your room, or your father's heart will break."

"Mind your own business," I cried out; "I came away without his leave, and I shan't go back for want of yours."

"Harrie, dear," said the poor girl, little dreaming what was coming next, "I beg and pray you to go back."

With that she rose up, and laid her hand appealingly upon my arm, and I—wretched girl that I was—struck her!

It was a moment's passion—a little blow; I repented even before it fell; but it must have come upon a weak place on the chest, for she coughed, reeled back, and fell, and a foam of blood oozed rapidly from her lips! Oh! the agony of that first moment, when a cruel instinct told me already what I had done. Screaming, I rushed into the house. The servants gathered, trembling, around me; my father came, horror-stricken, from the library. I remember myself, wild and bareheaded,

racing back in front of the crowd; I remember the ivy that caught my foot beside the lake, and how heavily I fell almost upon my sister. The rest I never knew.

But how haggard and wan was the face of my father when the long swoon was over, and I saw him and Mr. Cooper—*Doctor Cooper*—bending together by my side. "*She will do well,*" said the latter, mournfully, and apparently unconscious that I heard him, "*but Ellen is in extreme peril. Something very strange has brought on this attack so suddenly.*"

By degrees I understood that Dr. Cooper and my father had been old friends, though political differences had lately severed them; that his skill had been invoked when Ellen's delicacy forced itself on the notice of her friends; and a sudden warning not to alarm the invalid by disclosing his profession was the secret of his change of manner immediately after my introduction. His parting words were also cleared up, and my father's assertion that he was leaving the country for his children's sake. I think also that some suspicion of the truth was at the bottom of Ellen's tenderness and watchfulness that day.

The sudden blow, coming on a weak place at a moment of agitation, had burst a blood-vessel, and

it was now too late to remove her; all that remained was to smooth her pathway to the tomb.

My tale is over. I will not linger over her closing hours, nor the weary months of prostration, agony, and remorse that followed; nor is this the place to say how her dying words, and Dr. Cooper's kind advice, spoke of peace to my broken heart, and I arose from a lingering illness to console my father and watch over his declining days.

Two faces haunt me in visions of the night-seasons even yet: thine, O, father! furrowed with the iron share of many a careful year, but venerable, and kind, and good. I shortened thy remaining days, and brought down thy grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. Thine also, sister of my soul, and almost mother of my orphaned childhood! thou comest in sleeping hours, or in painful vigils when the firelight leaps and flickers. Sometimes, as I found thee in the harbour, sorrowful but kindly, wearing the tender look of remonstrance, which I answered with a mortal blow. Sometimes—and oftener as—pale, upon a bed of death, but not so pale as beautiful, and not so beautiful as calm; and thy dying words were comfort, and prayer, and warning to her and for her who had made thy years so few.

C.

## A RUN-AND-READ RAMBLE TO ROME.

BY OUR CONTINENTAL CORRESPONDENT.

## CHAPTER IV.

## PARIS.

**T** HIS is my fourth visit to this wonderful city. My first visit was some fifteen years ago. Since then Paris has improved by rapid strides, and has been gradually assuming the material magnificence and political stability that characterise her at the present day. I well remember the 4th of May—the commemorative day of the Proclamation of the Republic—occurred during my first visit. The present Emperor was then only president; Paris was disturbed; an outbreak was expected; horse-soldiers were posted at the corner of every street; and everything looked uncommonly ripe for another revolutionary movement. The new buildings of the Louvre were then in the earlier stages of re-erection, and one-half of the modern boulevards that now adorn the city were unopened and unknown. I visited Paris again after ten years, and how changed and altered had it become; and yet again in another year; and now once more. People may say what they please, but this much is true, that Napoleon III. has left his impress upon the capital of his country—monuments

and memorials that must remain to perpetuate his name, and fame, and glory to remotest generations. The First Napoleon's triumphs were out of France, and most of them barren of any good to his country. The Third Napoleon's great triumphs are in France, and are firmly incorporated in the material structures and national institutions of his chief city and empire.

There were, however, many of our party who were now making their first visit, and I thought I might possibly be helpful to them in directing their observation. Our stay must necessarily be brief, for on Monday, or, at the furthest, on Tuesday, we must leave for Italy. On our arrival, therefore, on Saturday in Paris, I proposed to accompany a section of our party for an afternoon run through the principal objects of interest, seeing only the general features, and reserving the minute details for some other opportunity. I confess to having a peculiar feeling of pleasure in showing to others what I have myself seen and admired. This is part of what I call the sympathy of life, and I am not ashamed to own to the weakness, if aught of weakness be in it. It is to me akin to the feeling I have experienced when I have kindled another's taper by communicating of my own light; I in-

crease the light and enjoyment of both thereby. I have myself learned to cling to the sympathy of others; and I would render back the favour, in part, by like deeds to my fellow-men—*similia similibus!* With this little piece of sentimentalism, and for fear of more of that sort coming, let us stroll out for a walk.

It is not far off three o'clock, and we must be back again to our hotel for dinner by half-past five. Within this space, I undertake to show my companions a large slice of Paris; and I would recommend my readers on their first visit to follow my plan, going into details afterwards, as time and other circumstances will permit. Our hotel is hard by the Madeleine, so this is our first mark, and no more worthy beginning could be desired. We enter this grandly-magnificent church, exhibiting its massive proportions both within and without. From the Madeleine we walk down the Rue Royal into the Place de la Concorde, opening out its vast area with its columns and statues, and stretching away on the left to the gardens of the Tuileries, closing with the Imperial Palace, and on the right to the Champs Elysées, with the massive Arc de Triomphe completing the vista. We turn to the right, and walk along that noble avenue to that gigantic memorial of the First Napoleon. We inspect its bas-reliefs, and stand as puny men beneath its colossal pillars. We then take omnibus to the Louvre, that is, back again through the Champs Elysées, along the magnificent Rue de Rivoli with its arcaded front, more than a mile in length. We alight at the Louvre, and walk through its quadrangles (we have no time just now to visit its galleries). At the back of the Louvre is the ancient Church of St. Germain, which we enter. It was from the bell of this church that Catherine, de Medicis caused the signal to be sounded for the commencement of the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day. From St. Germain's we proceed across the river, by the floating-baths, to the Island of Paris, caused by the parting of the Seine till its waters meet again at a lower part of the city. On this island—the ancient city—stands the cathedral of Notre Dame, through which we pass. We then re-cross the river, and make for the Hotel de Ville, the official residence of the Prefet of the Seine—a civic office similar to that of our Lord Mayor. From thence we return to the Rue de Rivoli, in which, opposite the Louvre, stands the Grand Hotel du Louvre, through the public rooms of which we are allowed to pass. We then cross over to the Palais Royal, with its almost innumerable restaurants, bureaux for exchange of money, and shops filled with all manner of lovely and costly things, that are coveted by many, are possessed by few, and can afford true happiness and satisfaction to none. From the Palais Royal we turn homewards through the Rue

St. Honoré, which we found undergoing (and quite time it should) a process for laying down a new system of drainage for the city. At a little before six o'clock we returned to our hotel, the whole party protesting that I had half-killed them, and yet, at the same time, they most inconsistently expressed a wish for a repetition of the dose, as soon as practicable! This little excursion gave the party a general idea of Paris, such as they could not otherwise have obtained.

On Sunday morning, starting in due time, about half a dozen of our party visited the Madeleine, St. Roch, and Notre Dame, before going to our own much-loved English service at the English Church in the Rue d'Aguesseau. Only at the Notre Dame did we hear any portion of the musical service of the mass. The singing was very beautiful, but wholly unintelligible to us. I called the attention of the party to the monument erected to the memory of the Archbishop of Paris, who was shot on the barricades, while he vainly interposed his person to stay the angry passions of the people. The archbishop is represented in the act of falling, with the olive branch of Peace in his hand. As a work of art it is exquisite in every particular.

Having had on Saturday time for merely a general view of the places visited, we took occasion on Monday, though in a much larger body, to see some of the sights in detail. And here again I would suggest a useful hint to those who desire to see much within a little time. Our party engaged a vehicle, called a *char-à-banc*, which accommodates about forty passengers in all, inside and out. The ladies of the party and a few gentlemen occupied the inside, which was, however, quite open and without curtains. The outside was filled with gentlemen. I was honoured by having the seat on the box beside the driver, who is a large, incorporated specimen of the anti-Banting school. His place seemed to be that box eternally and for evermore; once off, it would be next to impossible ever to get on again; he was so large, so gross, so fat, so gloriously rotund! Three horses, with bells jingling, made up the formidable invasion of John Bull upon His Imperial Majesty's metropolitan domain. A large crowd assembled at our setting-out; crowds gaped at us at every setting-down; crowds marvelled all the way; a crowd again wondered to see us all return in peace to our hotel for dinner. Our day's work was "pretty considerable."

To begin, the inevitable Madeleine was, of course, our *en-règle* starting-point. We drove away, first of all, down the magnificent Boulevard des Capuchins, with its long vista still further extending past the Porte St. Denis and the Porte St. Martin, and further still extended by the whole length of the Boulevard du Prince Eugène.



This brought us to the cemetery of Père la Chaise. This sleeping-place of the dead has always disappointed me; it is not well kept, it is overmuch crowded, and there is such a tawdriness about the whole get-up of the memorials, chapels, and oratories. I always feel the contrast to be very strongly marked between the meretricious ornamentation of a Roman Catholic cemetery and the simple, graceful, and oftentimes suggestive memorials which we are accustomed to erect over the tombs of our departed friends at home. The gravity of our party was somewhat disturbed by a little incident that proved we were not, even then, far off from Cockneydom. One of our party, observing the figure of the bird of night surmounting a tomb, suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, there's a h-owl!" The remark instantly dispersed the company, and the culprit thereby escaped. We all wondered how "poor letter h" had been pursued from London to Paris, and was doomed to meet with such treatment in *so very select* a party as we had thought ourselves to be! but *n'importe*; no harm was done, and we resumed our walk. One thing, however, painfully impressed me in this chief burying-place of the land of "liberty, equality, and fraternity;" and that was the neglect and positive indignity offered to the ashes of the poor who are buried there. One part of Père la Chaise is set apart for the burial of the poor; this part is called "the Trenches." The bodies are carelessly buried here, and a mark is set up to indicate the place. After five years have elapsed, the ground is turned up again, the bones and ashes are thrust into a lower soil, and mingled with the dust, and fresh burials are committed to the same ground. This accounts for the large number of sticks and crosses, and other tiny and obscure memorials that are found within a space of two feet square, a space incompatible with the decent burial of even one person, not to say any-thing of scores who are buried there.

From the cemetery we proceeded to the Place de la Bastille, in the middle of which is erected a column surmounted by a figure of Mercury, all

gilded over. He is represented with outspread wings, on one of his busy flights; in his left hand he bears a few links of a broken chain, and in his right a burning torch, and some such words as these are supposed to give expression to the idea—"With my hand I break the chains of servitude, and with my torch I kindle the flame of liberty throughout the world!" We thence drove past the Hotel de Ville, and had an opportunity of seeing a vast multitude of the *gamins* of Paris waiting to be "conscripted" for the army. These men, I am told, esteem it a great favour and honour that they should be "drawn" for the purpose of military service.

I need not further particularise our method of "doing" Paris. We visited, besides, the Champs de Mars, and saw the foundations already dug for the Exhibition building next year; the Sainte Chapelle, still as unfinished as when I saw it years ago; the courts of law, where we had a specimen of a French trial; the Palace of the Luxembourg, as gorgeous and magnificent as ever; &c. &c. An additional day was spent by the major part in seeing Versailles, &c., but I did not remain in Paris for that day, desiring to push on a little in advance. So, on that evening, I took express for Chambéry, in Savoy, where I arrived next morning in time for breakfast.

It struck me, I do not know with what measure of accuracy, that Sunday is better observed in Paris than it used to be. There was not the same amount of labour carried on in the building of houses, and other works of that kind. The shops, indeed, were generally open, but still a large number were closed. On some of the closed windows I observed the intimation given—"Closed on Sundays and fête-days." I was glad to observe so large a congregation at the morning service in the English Church, opposite the British Embassy; but in the evening there were very few worshippers indeed.

My next chapter will take me a long way on my journey to my destination—into Savoy.

(To be continued.)

## THE PRODIGAL'S BROTHER.

BY THE REV. G. A. CHADWICK.

**T**HE parable of the Prodigal is perhaps the most beautiful, and certainly the most pathetic, ever related by Him like whom never man spake.

How many wanderers have been restored by the touching narrative of one like themselves, in whom they saw the image of their own extravagant waste of time, health, or intelligence, if not of worldly wealth. It made

them pause and reflect. In some hour of quietness they contrasted home and its placid enjoyments, with the heated room, the vacant songs, and foolish merriment of their companions, and felt the contrast to be melancholy. Then they remembered that their earthly home was itself a type of another, from which also they were exiles, and reflected that earthly parents could not welcome their contrition and return as heartily as a heavenly Father

would receive them back to the ways of pleasantness and the paths of peace.

The latter portion of the story, which tells of the brother and his complaints, is intended for another class. It speaks to those who might fairly disclaim the title of spendthrift and wanderer, who have always dwelt within the sound of God's Word, and under the shadow of his roof. It bids them consider the deep joy of many a reclaimed offender, and say whether they share it or regard him with jealousy and suspicion, while they secretly desire pleasures that have not been granted—a kid which they might share with private friends, who are not their Father's guests. It lays at their own doors the coldness and discomfort of obedience to formal duties, with no peace and joy in believing. It tells them of heavenly riches to be had for asking, and a Father's society neglected in the desire of forbidden pleasures. The remonstrance addressed to the sullen brother becomes very forcible, when the emphasis is carefully distributed. "Son, thou wast ever with *me*, and all that *I* had was thine." It says not, "*You* were ever here, and had *all*, while your brother has only gotten a calf." But it says, "*You* had all that *I* have, while you complain of wanting a kid; you were with *me*, while your heart was wandering with other friends." And thus it suggests an examination of some particulars in which the formalist is vainly privileged, and of the reasons why he derives no pleasure from his advantages.

1. He is at least a member of Christ's visible Church, and brought into avowed relationship with him by pledges given and received. In baptism he was assured that God had claims upon him individually, and was encouraged to make claims upon God in return. Some who read these words have formally taken their vows upon themselves, and acknowledged it to be their duty "not to be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, and manfully to fight under his banner." Never did he demand such a pledge without granting help for its performance. Now is there any pleasure in being thus in the household of God, and in the assurance it conveys of his readiness to help us? When temptation comes, do we think of a covenant God and take courage? Are his attributes of strength, and faithfulness, and love felt to be at our disposal when we claim them?

Even a poor sceptic was able to say—

"It fortifies my heart to know  
That though I perish, truth is so,  
That howsoever I stray or range,  
Whate'er I do, thou dost not change;  
I steadier step when I recall,  
That if I slip, thou dost not fall."

But many a nominal Christian draws no comfort from the thought of that same immutability pledged to hold him up when it should be invoked, nor

ventures to look in his weakness into his Father's face, and say, "I am thine, leave me not, neither forsake me."

"Do wrong," whispers Satan.

"No," answers our sense of honour; "how can I do this great injustice, and offend against my neighbour?" "No," answers our self-respect; "how can I do this great vileness, and degrade my manhood?" Alas! is there no deeper voice to say, "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against my God, who claims to be my Father, and to have me for a son?" Do our strong desires, our vehement passions, our stubborn self-interests never bow, like reeds to the rush of a river, as the great thought of God pours in? Have we never, in this respect, enjoyed so much as a kid, when all that was his was at our service?

2. There is pleasure to the saints, deep and holy pleasure, in going to the house of God with a multitude that keeps holy day. It is not good for man to be alone; and the family, the community, and the church were all instituted to give him the help and stimulus of fellowship. The voices of an assembly, confessing, adoring, supplicating, low in penitence or loud in praise, all stirred with the same emotion, all owning like unfaithfulness, all imploring equal grace—these, if our convictions were genuine, if our desires were real and deep, would tell on us with power, like that of trumpets on the soldier, of funeral dirges on those who loved the dead. Feel we no pleasure when neighbour and friend, wife and father and child, unite their voices and forget their doubts awhile in the grand old confession of our ancestral faith—"I believe in God the Father almighty, and in Jesus Christ his only Son?" Then it is time to take heed. Sore is the danger lest such coldness betray a secret murmurer against the Lord, who if he do not snatch the forbidden pleasures of the world, at least murmurs because they are not given. Enjoyment man must have, and if he find it not in God, he will surely covet it with his own friends. When Israel had no relish for angels' food, he lamented the flesh-pots of Egyptian bondage.

3. The formalist presents himself weekly to hear the Word of Life; but what is the spirit in which he hears? What would the early believers think if they mingled with the crowd which had just left a place of Christian worship—a crowd of people who had learned that God had claims on them, that Jesus who died for them waited even now to bless,—and listening, heard not a word of gratitude, or penitence, or hope, but many a comment on the dullness or interest of the composition, on the minister's provincialisms, or awkwardness, or eloquence? "Ichabod!" they would have cried, "the glory has departed!"

With just that news the apostles went to the worshippers of Jupiter, Bacchus, Venus, and again,

as at Joshua's trumpets, the idol-strongholds fell, and the right hand of the Lord brought mighty things to pass. Joy and gladness sprang up in many an humble breast at the tidings we receive so coldly, nor could the discipline of the ranks, the fear of the magistrate, the veneration of the law, the superstitions of their childhood, the example or the pangs of martyrdom, choke the word and render it unfruitful. Rapture exulted over trial, and victory swallowed up death; no darkness of the outer world prevailed to quench the light within.

We have their advantages, and a thousand more. In this sense again we are ever with the Father, and all that he has is ours, and he warns us that to whomsoever much is given, of him will much also be required.

4. Again, there is the access of prayer. Denied to no soul of man, on us it is pressed with importunity, and almost imposed against our wills; for which of us does not sometimes find it needful to bend his knees? But, is God there? is Christ there? Do the unconscious eyes of our spirits roam idly hither and thither, or are they—like the angel's—veiled behind their wings? Are we engaged, at the best, in merely wishing for indulgences, or truly praying for blessings from One who hears? Is it a kind of pantomime we perform, or a prayer we offer up? If a prayer, is it presented as a toll to some stern being who requires the incense of our wretchedness, or a grateful and too brief communion with the Lord and Giver of all good?

Alas! we complain, yet bring not our complaints to God; we fret and fume over our wants, but we lay them not before the mercy-seat; we moan under the weight of burdens, but look not to the Strong for strength; we bewail our manifold diseases, yet neglect the balm and the Physician of Gilead. Is there no danger that by-and-by we shall say to Him, upon his throne of judgment, "Make allowance for our frailties, have pity upon our ignorance, pardon our debts," and He should answer, "Son, thou wast ever with me, and all that I had was thine," and the mention of our boundless opportunities shall prove the knell of our eternal doom?

5. What have we done with our privileges in regard to the fear of death? Let us not incur the ridicule of the world and the guilt of hypocrisy by denouncing that fear as a contemptible frailty, which the weakest Christian can despise. No! It is easy, but very unchristian, to shut our eyes in dull insensibility, and march, as if to a cannon's mouth, without knowledge and therefore without quailing; but, really to comprehend the bearing of that tremendous change, and then to face with calmness the crash which severs this life-long partnership of soul and body, the narrow bed and horrible companionship, the clock on which the

finger moves not, and the "What hour?" answered by, "It is eternity"—that is the highest of Christian victories. Death is the king of terrors. Death is the last enemy that shall be subdued. Who has ever gazed out into that pitch-black night—down into that fathomless gulf into which the waters of existence empty, but never smite upon a shore—without a strange flutter about his heart? That man is very blessed, or else he is wretched indeed.

"This world is the nurse of all we know;  
This world is the mother of all we feel;  
And the coming of death is a fearful blow  
To a brain uncompassed with nerves of steel;  
When all that we know, or feel, or see  
Shall pass, like an unreal mystery."

Yet every minister can tell of weak women and little children; of some that were shaken by pangs unspeakable, and of others in perfect calmness, fully aware of their impending dissolution, and with no distraction to lessen its influence upon the mind; of the ignorant, who had no resource but faith, and the learned, whose keen intellects apprehended the crisis to the full,—all meeting death without a sigh or a complaint, welcoming it as their best friend, confessing, in the hour when illusions vanish, that "to die is gain." Christ has through death destroyed him who has the power of death, that he might deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage. Alas! we live in the house of God, but how many never claim their inheritance!

There are some who admit all these shortcomings. They have often wished it were otherwise—often striven to shake off their lethargy and receive the joys of their inheritance; but nothing substantial resulted, and the desire vanished as it rose. They want to know why it vanished. God declares that he waits to be gracious, and they declare that they wait to be blessed; yet the heaven over their heads is brass, and the earth under their feet is iron; for their thirst no showers fall—for their hunger no fruits ripen. Let this unhappy son be their instructor; for he also had some desire to enjoy what was, nevertheless, withheld. But his wishes were selfish, and they were proud. He wanted something to be all his own; he would not sit at the Father's table; he wished to carry away his portion, and share it with associates of his own choosing. Now the Father will only feed those who are anxious to sup with God and with the Lamb. You want to be holy, to enjoy worship, to look without blenching upon the grim face of death; but are you ready to accept these gifts in the company of the faithful, and by the free grace of a present God?

This man even felt that his Father alone could be the giver, but he would not condescend to ask. "You never volunteered to give me a kid; while for this thy son" (he will not say, "my brother") "you have killed the fatted calf." Ah! many a one

thinks so still. "God has blessed others, far worse than I, why has my time never come?" Look at your brother and listen, and you will know. He is footsore, and travel-stained, and tearful; he has rushed to a father's arms, and there he is sobbing from a broken and contrite heart, "I have sinned against Heaven and before thee."

Let the formalist follow his example, and say, "Father, I too have sinned—I have sinned in my envy, in my covetousness, in my pride; hast thou but one blessing, bless me, even me also, O my Father." Let him ask in the appointed way,

mindful of the exceeding riches in glory in Christ Jesus, trustful of his covenant mercies, and invoking his redeeming love. "Prove me now, saith the Lord of hosts, and see if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." Not room enough in this immortal heart of man! Even so. That blessing has eternity for its duration, and man's life, also, is eternal; infinity for its scope, and man's desires are infinite; but then, it has God for its culmination; and man has but a human soul.

### THE DEEPER DEPTH;

OR, SCENES OF REAL LIFE AMONG THE VERY POOR.—NO. IX.

DRURY LANE DISTRICT—continued.



HIS is King's Arms Yard, in which the Great Plague of London broke out. It is chiefly occupied by Irish families, whose children play in the quaint, old fashioned galleries that run round it. Its general appearance is very much the same as at the time of that terrible visitation. Let us turn into this court, although one of the worst in this ill-famed neighbourhood. The young man in that room, with keen eyes and intelligent features is as expert a thief as any in London; a single glance shows how he is supported when "not in luck." One of these days, these coarse pleasures will come to an end; some visitor will come, who will not leave him so quickly as we do. That sturdy fellow in the room below is not a thief, but a very honest, industrious man, who walks miles daily to procure rushes, which are used to tie up bunches of water-cresses. He attends Covent Garden Market, and sells frequently five shillings' worth of a morning. He lives here because it is near the market, while he has room for his truck, and can go in and out unquestioned at all hours.

At the request of an esteemed friend, to whom reference was made in the closing paragraph of the seventh paper, we accompanied him to the work-house, to see an aged woman, who had asked him to discover whether her son, serving in the Federal army, was still alive, for the purpose of communicating to her the sad intelligence that he had died in hospital. After fruitlessly inquiring for her of several officials, the poor creature saw us as we were crossing the yard on our way out. "Oh! Mr. McCree," she cried, "have you heard anything of my son, sir?" and then, as though her maternal instinct felt the approach of evil tidings, she exclaimed, "Oh, my poor boy! oh, my poor boy!" That was not the place to tell her of his death, for several young women, who ought to

have been in service, were romping and singing obscene songs near, so she was led into the ward in which she slept. When seated on her bed, the sad truth was broken to her in the kindest manner possible. "Supposing I told you your son was not in America, where should you think he was?" asked our companion.

"Well, sir, perhaps he'd be in Ireland; he used to say he should go there when he had done a soldiering."

"But suppose I were to tell you that he was in heaven, what would you say then?"

A pause ensued, and then, lifting her eyes upwards, she softly said, "I would try to go to heaven, and then I should see my poor boy again."

But no sooner did she realise the fact of his death, than she sent forth a sharp, wailing cry, that rang through the whole ward. The official document announcing his death was put into her hand, a promise made that she should not lack the little comforts, such as tea and sugar, her son used to supply her with "all the way from Merriky," and silently commending her to Him who alone could give her comfort in her great sorrow, we turned away.

The shops in this neighbourhood are a study in themselves. In the grocers' windows, however large the establishment, you will see little screws of tea, or coffee, or sugar—"haporths," as the people call them. Thanks to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, for one half-penny a poor woman and her children can have a very decent cup of tea. We need hardly remark that the "literature" of St. Giles's panders to the most depraved tastes, and excites the worst passions. The boys learn to despise honesty, and the girls to laugh at virtue by reading "romances" of the most pernicious description, while their fathers growl their satisfaction over profane parodies of the most sacred themes. Here is a quotation from a "Political Litany"—

Dearly beloved brethren, hunger moveth us at various times and in sundry places to make known unto our most





*Drawn by C. J. STANILAND.]*

*[Engraved by CASSELL, PETTER, AND GALPIN.]*

THE SICK BOY.—See p. 570.

*(A Sketch from Life.)*

gracious Majesty the Queen Victoria our dreadful wants and sufferings, and although we ought at all times humbly to acknowledge our most gracious Majesty the Queen, yet the cry of our starving children prevents us from so doing.

Some of the public-houses here are simply nurseries of vice, and we are afraid that in more than one instance the firms to which they belong know pretty well what means are resorted to by the landlords to induce customers to frequent them; although they would not like us to call them by their right name, or to describe (as we could do) the scenes that may be witnessed in them. It is pleasing to see, however, that their number is not increasing. Indeed, several are already closed. One of the oldest, frequented by Dick Turpin, while "bonny Black Bess" often stood in its stables, is now transformed into a "Home for Needlewomen," in which, for the small payment of 1s. 6d. a week, a young woman may obtain comfortable lodging, a room to work in, accommodation for washing her clothes, a good dinner on Sundays, and the use of a respectable bonnet, shawl, dress, boots, &c., when she wishes to attend a place of worship, should her own be too shabby to wear. Mrs. Key, the matron, is a Scotch lady, just adapted to her position. Altogether the institution is admirably conducted, and it well deserves the support of our lady-readers. It contains twenty-three beds, but there are five times that number of applicants vainly seeking admission. When the house was altered to its present benevolent purpose, secret passages for the escape of thieves and traps for the concealment of booty were discovered. Could the walls speak, they would have strange tales to tell. It is also a good sign that large numbers of persons avail themselves of the public Baths and Washhouses in Endell Street. Last year there were 198,082 male and 21,996 female bathers, while the poor women who used the Washhouses numbered no less than 38,384. We hope that ere long every district of the metropolis will possess baths as well arranged and conducted as these.

We could wish that our space permitted us to describe at length the noble Refuges for Destitute Children in Great Queen and Broad Streets, in which some 250 boys and girls, who have been rescued from the streets, are fed, clothed, lodged, and educated, the boys taught useful trades, and the girls carefully trained for domestic service. Some idea of the infamy from which many of the latter have been saved, may be inferred from the fact that we saw one girl in the Refuge whose previous history was so shocking that, to use the words of the lady-superintendent, "it cannot be told," and yet she was not more than thirteen years old. In the boys' dormitory we found 100 beds scrupulously clean, prepared for the lads, who were taking their evening meal in the large

room below; but our interest centred in one, in which was a little fellow, some twelve years old, evidently sinking in a decline. A young lady was painting his chest with iodine, while one of his companions held the candle, and looked on with pitying eyes. Everything was being done that could be done for the poor sufferer, but his wasted features and difficult breathing indicated that probably all would be in vain. He has been in the Refuge nearly two years; but the privations of the previous ten will doubtless prove too much for his fragile frame. It was in this excellent institution that the supper was given, the other evening, to some 200 homeless boys, at which Lord Shaftesbury presided, when preliminary steps were taken towards rescuing them from a life of misery. At that remarkable gathering "all degrees of destitution were represented; a few had homes, but 'father' was blind or out of work, and they were left to pick up a living as best they could. But 'Father and mother both dead' was the common story, with now and then a variation. 'Don't know nothing on 'em: haven't seen 'em for ever so long;' or perhaps, 'Don't never recollect seeing 'em.' One little fellow, when asked how long he had been without a home, made answer simply, with evidently no suspicion of its pathos, 'Always.'" It is supposed that at this moment there are 10,000 such boys in London. Well might a leading journal observe, after speaking of the existence of large numbers of pauper children, little boys born to destitution, with no home, no known father nor mother, no friend, and scarcely any food, "It is unpardonable waste to abandon a child. He is material put into our hands, in an unformed state, expressly in order that we may shape and polish it to good purpose. Instead of this, here are numbers of boys tossed loose on the world, to be maimed, crippled, diseased, and killed off before their time, and instead of being made into intelligent men, to be crushed into troublesome animals. And this astonishing waste is allowed to take place at a time and in a country in which the human material is becoming more valuable every day. . . . Nothing, it seems, is squandered among us but the most precious of all commodities—human life!" We trust that some of our readers will inspect these noble Refuges, as we feel assured that one visit would lead to the manifestation of practical sympathy with this important and philanthropic movement.

But little has been said in this paper respecting the effect of the overcrowding of the "rotten, reeking, fever-soaked" tenements, or of the lamentably defective sanitary arrangements for which this neighbourhood is notorious; and with good reason, for if the plain truth were *written* it could not be *printed*. Let our readers imagine the *worst* they can, and they will not form an adequate concep-

tion of the condition and surroundings of the very poor. As it has been well said, "If the *truth* were proclaimed to the world, then we think the purple and fine linen of Dives would burn his skin like the shirt of Nessus, and his wine would taste salt with tears, and filthy with the 'bead' upon the brow of fever, until he had done his part to make it an old story, that the working people under Victoria were worse housed than any savage Asiatic tribe from the Ural to the Suleiman Range." Not the least of evils is this; that through his being "improved" out of other and more decent neighbourhoods, the poor labouring man is compelled to bring his family into these slums "where it is too dark to discern knaves from honest men." There they are brought into close companionship with vice and brutality of the most sickening kind: can we wonder that ere long they become themselves vicious and brutal? Stand in any of these courts or back streets at nightfall, and you will see the occupants of the dens of infamy come out, like beasts of prey creeping out of their lairs. They separate at the first corner; but not without arranging their place of meeting. Come here about two in the morning, and you will see them returning, some excited by success, others maddened by disappointment, and all more or less under the influence of liquor; it is then that they present themselves in their true colours.

The spectacle will not strengthen your hope of the possibility of *their* reclamation, but it will deepen your commiseration for those of the honest poor who are compelled to dwell in their midst. In the pediment over the entrance of the Baths, to which we have already referred, St. George and St. Giles are represented sitting side by side. The sculpture is very suggestive. We know that the poverty and ignorance of the metropolis are *side by side* with its intelligence and wealth, but this involuntary contact is not enough. What is needed to raise the very poor of St. Giles's out of the "horrible pit and miry clay" into which they have sunk, to deliver them from the seething mass of corruption in which they are struggling, is for the English saint to succour the lazars of his Athenian brother: St. George must come to the rescue, or both will be undone. In other words, we must one and all lend a helping hand to these social and moral lepers who are still "bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh," we must devise some remedy for their healing, or they will one day prove more deadly foes to the commonwealth, than the fabled dragon the patrician saint is said to have slain.

(To be continued.)

[Mr. Schulkins, Superintendent of the "South London Refuge for Houseless Men and Women," wishes to acknowledge the receipt of 2s. 6d. in stamps, sent in aid of the above Institution, from a "Reader of THE QUIVER."]

## DEPARTMENT FOR THE YOUNG.

### MY FIRST UNTRUTH, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

#### PART I.

**I** WAS living with my uncle and aunt at Rill Farm, where I had been brought up by them from a child, and was fourteen years old at the time of my telling this, my first untruth. When I say "first untruth," I do not mean you to infer that I was up to this time perfectly truthful in word, act, and look, for (as those who know anything of the deceitfulness of their own hearts will too sadly confess) this perfect truthfulness is as rare as it is beautiful; but this was my first wilful, deliberate falsehood, and, I am thankful to say, my last.

Rill Farm was a charming old place. The old farm-house was built of red brick, stained by time all manner of warm colours, and its red-tiled roof was half lost below the rich green and leaden-coloured mosses and lichens which covered it. The tall oaks and elms that clustered round, hid it from sight, even to the high stack of chimneys in the middle of the roof, till you came through

the garden-door, opening into the long straight walk, bordered at either side with rose bushes, holyhocks, sunflowers, great patches of heartsease, rich-smelling thyme, white pinks, and clove. Behind the house was a square of farm buildings, and here I used to spend most of the day, after I had ridden my pony in from school. The farm-yard was such a scene of busy life—dogs, poultry, horses, cows. I took an interest in all, but my chief interest lay with my doves. I had doves of all colours and kinds, and lately had been given some pure white ones, for which I had fashioned a dovecote (very neatly as I thought), that they might have a separate home.

"Beautiful it is, indeed, Master Harry," said Joe, the stable-boy, when I showed him my work, "but it wants one thing."

"Wants what?" I asked, anxiously.

"Paint the roof, sir, and it'll stand the rain."

"You are right, Joe."

Joe was a favourite of mine, he was so kind and willing. He never seemed to make a trouble of anything, and was liked by all the men on the farm.

Next afternoon I set to work to paint the roof

lead-colour, bringing the paint from the corner of the granary floor, where two or three pots of out-door paint always stood ready. I remembered that I had taken a capital paint-brush to the loft above, some weeks before, and forgotten it there, so I went up to fetch it. The loft was quite dark, so, instead of opening, as I ought to have done, one of the sliding panels, which let in light and air, I twisted up a wisp of hay, and lit it with a match from my pocket, found my brush, threw down my wisp and stamped the sparks out, and went to my painting work below in an unused stable.

It must have been about twelve o'clock that night, when a noise outside my window awoke me. A strange mingled sort of noise it was, when I had wakened fully enough to listen: a crackling, hissing, trampling sort of sound. I ran to the window looking into the square of farm-buildings. The yard seemed full of smoke, and at that instant a red tongue of flame darted from one of the windows, or rather "opes," through which trusses of hay were lifted into the loft, where I had found my paint-brush. Clang! went the bell used for calling our men to dinner—clang! clang! Then all the dogs woke, and added the noise of their barking.

I knew instantly whose work the fire was, and leaned for a moment helplessly against the window-frame, with a sick, half-giddy sort of feeling I had never had before. Men soon came tramping into the yard. All our labourers, and men from the village. I could see my uncle, Joe, Dennis the ploughman, every one I knew: all the figures were brought out so clearly in that vivid red light.

Hissing, roaring, leaping! now seemingly swallowed up in volumes of black smoke, now darting out like coils of fiery serpents, the flames won the mastery. All along the north side of the square, the fire-spirit had taken possession, and looked out luridly from door, and window, and chimney-top, as if defying all intrusion.

How long I looked I do not know; go down and try to help I dared not, lest I should be questioned. So there I stood miserably watching.

"The engine from Worcester!" I heard Joe's voice cry, and two minutes after, some men trooped into the yard with helmets on, and pointed leather hose at the hottest parts of the fire. The streams of water they threw made little black spots in the red fire for a moment, that grew instantly red again if the hose was shifted.

"Let those buildings alone," I heard my uncle shout, "and play at each end, to stop the flames from spreading."

And so they did. Half an hour afterwards the roof fell in, and the red and blue flames rushed up towards the sky with an awful grandeur, that lit up the whole landscape as bright as noonday, and showed the outline of the Malvern Hills against the sky.

The rest of the square was saved, and the live-stock saved, and, best of all, the farm-house itself; but the granary, hay-loft, coach-house, and one stable, with all their contents, had been utterly destroyed. This I knew from the conversation outside. And then I went to bed, and crept under the clothes, to hide from myself, as it were: vain hiding! Who ever yet succeeded in hiding from a guilty conscience? I crept to bed, but not to sleep, and crept down-stairs, weary and pale, in the morning, fancying that my guilt must be written in my face.

(To be concluded in our next.)

### LILY.

A RHYME FOR YOUNG READERS.

**L**ILY, white lily, let the bee dip  
Into thy soft and delicate lip,  
For thou hast honey for him to sip.

Lily, white lily, honey-bee comes;  
Round and around he buzzes and hums,  
Laden already with juices and gums.

Lily, white lily, spotlessly fair,  
Emblem of innocence sweet and rare—  
Thee for a wand shall Purity bear.

Lily, white lily, yonder I see,  
Namesake of thine and sister to thee,  
Laden with sweets for all and me:—

Lily, fair lily, who ever doth rove  
Hither and thither on missions of love,  
Minist'ring child of the Lord above.

Lily, white lily, thou'st bloomed thy best:  
Lest that thou wither in dust with the rest,  
I'll pin thee at once on thy sister's breast.

14.

### SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. A youth who lost his life through his great speed.
2. Whose son the Syrian king from prison freed?
3. Who Pekahiah under Pekah slew?
4. The town where Baasha from fear withdrew.
5. Who lost his sons as Joshua had foretold?
6. Whence Israel's ships to Ophir went for gold.
7. Whose son destroyed the idol she had made?
8. Who Baasha from building Ramah stayed?
9. Who to his mother what he stole restored?
10. Who did to David shelter long afford?
11. What king to Syria Elath brought again?
12. Who counselled well and wisely, but in vain?
13. Whose wife her husband's churlishness disowne?
14. What luckless tribute-gatherer was stoned?
15. What desert town by Solomon was built?
16. Who shrank with horror from his future guilt?
17. Whose son refused the Israelites to lead;

And by a woman's help his people freed?

These words a curse pronounce

On those whose unbelief

Makes them refuse all love to Him

Who died for their relief.



## KATE ORMOND'S DOWER.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR, AUTHOR OF "THE FAMILY HONOUR," ETC. ETC.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## MAKING ACQUAINTANCE.



F all helpless creatures in the world, an inexperienced English waiting-maid, at a French custom-house for the first time, is the most helpless. Jessy was no exception to this rule. She was impatiently waiting her turn, and, nearly stifled with heat, had indignantly given the keys of her mistress's trunks to the custom-house officer. As that functionary was, to her eyes, most irreverently plunging his hands into the midst of the few needful dresses that had been brought, she involuntarily laid her hand on the man's arm; on which he—being no doubt both as hot and as tired as she was, and, doubtless, ill-tempered to boot—exclaimed, suspiciously, in his dubious English—

"*Tenez, madame*—what then! it is that you have something not right?" And so, to her dismay, all was unpacked and turned over.

"Well, I never! manners indeed—peritiveness! the jabbering, coffee-coloured creatures!" said Jessy, in impatient anger.

An English voice near her, of insinuating softness, said, "Can I assist you, dear madam?"

She turned, and saw a tall, sallow man, with a gentlemanly air, whose attire, shabby-genteel as it was, could not destroy a certain authoritative manner. In her perplexity, the poor waiting-woman turned, with an absence of suspicion to the stranger such as she never would have felt in her own country, and said, gasping, "I'm so put out by them men, sir, as never was."

The stranger took her hand, and drew her to a seat near the long window that crosses the room, and opening a pane of glass, afforded her the relief of a breath of fresh air. She was so grateful, that in the next few minutes she had told her troubles—how a whim of her mistress's had brought them over to this outlandish place, all in a "hurry-scurry." But, there, she supposed, "whims was natural to them as didn't know any better use for their money than throwing it away."

The stranger, at the word "money," seemed interested, and managed, by a few questions adroitly put, to learn the name of Mrs. Tregabbitt and where she stayed. But while he was thus employed, there was a move among the people in the room, the doors were opened, *gens-d'arme* standing on either side, and Jessy was, to her chagrin, separated from her protector, who had not a little propitiated her by the softness of his voice and the use of the two words, "dear madam." Jessy, as she followed the hotel porter, regretted that, owing to the spectacles the stranger wore and his hat being pulled down over his eyes, she had not a good view of his face. Tawny hair and beard, flecked with grey, and a tall form, were all that would enable her to know him if she met with him again. The strangeness, and, to an English waiting-maid, the inconveniences, of a foreign hotel

were, however, quite enough to banish all recollection of the custom-house. Jessy's mind was like the sand on the adjacent shore—each successive ripple of annoyance or adventure obliterated the previous trace.

Mrs. Tregabbitt and Kate, the next day, contrived to exhaust all that the place, either on the ramparts or in the town, had to show them, when the former lady proposed that they should go on that night to Guines, spend the Sunday there, and go on Monday by hired *voiture* from Guines to Boulogne. Kate, who was by no means anxious to leave Calais so soon, rather objected, but Mrs. Tregabbitt, assuming a confidential air, said—

"Well, my dear, now we are here, I think we may as well pay a little visit to Mr. Graspington's granddaughter: she is at school, poor thing, at Guines."

"Why poor thing?" inquired Kate, but had scarcely spoken the words when she corrected herself by adding, "Ah, she is an orphan—like me."

"An orphan, dear Kate, but, for goodness gracious sake, don't say, like you—you, that's so beloved—you that's got me. Why, I never!"

"*Chère mère*," said Kate, apologetically, "if I have you—and you are indeed most kind—she has her grandfather."

"Never saw her, my love; never did anything for her, but put her here to school."

"Really! is Mr. Graspington so unmindful of his own as that?" said Kate, in surprise, not without an apprehension as to herself, under so stern a guardian.

"Why, the fact is, the girl's mother offended Mr. Graspington by a very imprudent marriage—a shocking low vagabond, I've heard; and it was a pity, too, for she was a very pretty girl."

"Did you know her?"

"I had seen her once or twice, years and years ago, down in Cornwall, when she went to visit some relations there. Yes, she was a pretty creature—too good to be worried out of her life with poverty and a bad husband."

"I should think any girl, pretty or not, was too good for such a fate."

"Ah, my dear, marriage is such a lottery that——"

Mrs. Tregabbitt paused, conscious that the tie which subsisted between Kate and herself was first formed by her having agreed to invest a second time in that same lottery, and that there was therefore some inconsistency in her making deprecatory remarks to her ward; so, with great glibness, she returned to the subject of Mr. Graspington's granddaughter.

"Poor thing! she is so much to be pitied."

"Indeed she is, if she has had to bear the consequences of others' faults. It is quite enough to bear the punishment of our own—unless, indeed, she is very much better than I am—than young girls generally."

Some thought of the good that might be effected by trying to bring Mr. Graspington an approving account of his neglected child, filled Kate's mind, and she readily agreed to Mrs. Tregabbitt's proposal; so that evening

they went a drive to Guines, in a crazy old vehicle, which had the advantage of being open, though nothing could be more uninteresting than the sandy flat through which they drove, with merely a canal, and some pollard lime-trees on its margin to vary the dead level of the fields. Yet Nature, in her least picturesque scenes, cannot look ugly on a summer's evening; and Kate, who had an artist's eye, noticed the long level sunbeams on the quiet fields, and the labourers' cottages, with their tribes of sunburnt urchins rolling in the sand, or skipping off, with their light, dancing footsteps, to watch the barges that now and then broke upon the stillness of the canal.

In an hour they rattled into the open space, dignified by the name of the Grand Place, at Guines—an irregular square, from which the little streets diverged. Here they found a very primitive hotel—the “Lion d’Or”—and Jessy the maid was irate and scandalised at her mistresses’ having a sitting-room assigned them with rush-seated chairs and no carpet. The bedrooms were quite as primitive, though the pretty white muslin drapery was as neat as hands could make it.

Mrs. Tregabbit was a little taken aback: she had not expected quite such plain arrangements; but Kate, who had enjoyed the ride, and was rather amused than otherwise by the little hotel and the quaintly-furnished rooms, said, soothingly—

“Oh, they will do very well, our stay is so brief. See, Jessy,” she added, as they returned to take coffee in their *salon*, “see; there’s a large looking-glass and a great gilt clock.”

“Ah, miss, as if you could walk on them, or put your feet down comfortable on such things. Why, what a people these French are, to be sure, with their rush-bottomed chairs, bare floors, and grand looking-glasses to show the emptiness and shabbiness. Well, I never!”

The next morning was Sunday, and as, after breakfast, Mrs. Tregabbit and Kate walked out, they missed the sweet stillness, the balmy hush, that in an English town or village marks the hallowed day. The shabby little shops were mostly open; the hum of work was round them; and instead of the mellow cadence of Sabbath bells floating through the summer air, there was the occasional wheezy tinkle of a solitary cracked bell in the church, calling the people to mass—a call that, to judge by the very few who seemed to be going, was not much attended to.

“Where should we worship?” said Kate; and Mrs. Tregabbit was just bustling about, with the intention of making the inquiry, when there came by many avenues into the Grand Place several companies of children and young people from the various schools, now vending their way to the English church. Our two ladies followed them, and were not a little surprised to find themselves in no grander edifice than a small two-storied house, from which the middle flooring had been removed, leaving a narrow gallery like a balcony round the walls; the basement being filled with benches, all of which were soon occupied by the schoolboys, in their military-looking dress; the girls were crowded into the gallery, where Mrs. Tregabbit and Kate were fain to follow, as it was evidently unconventional in the Protestant church

at Guines for ladies to remain in the lower division of the assemblage.

Mrs. Tregabbit, as she drew her ample robe of silk and crape round her portly person, was very sorry she had put herself to the inconvenience of the crowding and heat; for of course, as she looked at the rows of young faces round the gallery, she could form no conjecture which of them was that of Mr. Graspington’s granddaughter; and she was moreover incommoded by a very shabby muffled-up woman, wearing an old hood instead of a bonnet, and a dingy veil depending from it, hid her features. In her long cloak and strange head-gear she might have been a recluse of some poor sisterhood, rather than a worshipper in a Protestant congregation; but it was not so much the oddness as the miserable shabbiness of her attire which annoyed Mrs. Tregabbit to come in contact with. She drew up her dress close, and, in her pride and vexation, was, perhaps, far more truly “a miserable sinner” than she supposed, when she so glibly muttered the confession.

Kate, whose schoolgirl life had but so recently and so sadly terminated, felt her heart expand in love and pity to the young people around; and if it be true that

“He prayeth best who loveth best,”

her devotions were not a mere vain show. She did not notice the woman whose proximity so annoyed Mrs. Tregabbit; if she had, she might have observed that when the service was over, and the congregation dispersed, this person drew herself into a dark recess at the head of the stairs, and let all the young people in the gallery pass her while she furtively, from under her veil, gazed at them. Kate and her friend hastened to leave, and refresh themselves by a walk on the old ramparts, from one part of which they could look down into the playground of a large school-house. An English lady with her two children were walking near, and Mrs. Tregabbit asked the name of the house.

“It is Madame le Blanc’s—Maison de l’Etoile.”

“Then,” said Mrs. Tregabbit, “we will go and call on Mr. Graspington’s granddaughter.”

In England, perhaps, she might have hesitated at going unexpectedly on that day, but she rightly judged that would not be noticed there. Accordingly, in less than half an hour, the two ladies were in the *salon* of Madame le Blanc, in high conversation with that lady, who, in deference to the manifest opulence and respectability of Mrs. Tregabbit’s appearance, raised no objection to her pupil, Miss Smith, being sent for, or to her accepting an invitation to dinner at the “Hotel Lion d’Or.”

The invitation was given partly in good-nature, partly from curiosity, by Mrs. Tregabbit, and because any change relieved the monotony. But what a surprise and joy it was to the pale girl, who never before had been summoned from her school. It was like a voice from home to the mariner at sea. It was well that the introduction in Madame le Blanc’s *salon* had been of the very briefest, and that an hour or two would elapse before Edina would go to the “Hotel Lion d’Or;” for she, poor girl, was so bewildered, that it required time to still her nerves, and, as Madame le Blanc said, “to arrange herself and make her toilet.”

## CHAPTER IX.

EDINA.

POOR Edina's toilet was soon made: it consisted simply in rolling back her abundant dark hair more carefully than usual from her face, and tying the curls, that were apt to stray too luxuriantly, with a tress of hair, that kept them at the back of her head. A rose in the girdle that held her well-worn muslin frock round her slight waist, was all that she could attempt in the way of decoration, and her nerves, already strung to a morbid tension by the suddenness of the summons, were by no means strengthened by the thoughtless remarks of her companions.

"Why, you have quite grown out of that frock—it is dreadfully old-fashioned;" "You're certainly ugly, Edna, but you're nice, too, for all that," were some of the trying speeches that fell on the poor girl's ear as, under charge of Clementine, a sort of superannuated *bonne*, who was a matron attendant on the girls, she made her way at the appointed time to the "Lion d'Or."

If Mrs. Tregabbitt wanted to draw out the young girl who came timidly into the room to meet her and Kate, and to pay, in fact, her first visit, that lady was doomed to disappointment; for any one more reserved, timid, or both, than Edina Smith, it was impossible to imagine. A shy child of five years of age, just caught and carried from the nursery to the drawing-room, could not be more difficult to lead into conversation. Mrs. Tregabbitt, who never in her life had been troubled with one particle of either embarrassment or reticence, had exhausted her stock of patience in a few minutes with her intractable young visitor. She had attributed Edina's tremor and monosyllables, in the brief interview at the school, to the awe inspired by the presence of Madame le Blanc; but now, when "Yes" and "No" were all the responses she could elicit, Mrs. Tregabbitt came to the sweeping conclusion that the girl was a simpleton.

How readily do the dictatorial and impetuous decide upon that mystery—youth. How presumptuously they suppose that they can predict the unfolding flower and fruitage from the unattractive branch! When hope whispers over the young head, "What is now, is not all that will be," and while love sheds its dewy freshness, invigorating every bud of promise, there impatience recoils, and rashness exclaims, "Stupidity"—"Failure."

Kate knew rather more about the feelings of the bashful stranger, and had the tact to leave her to herself. She noticed the light that lay in the depths of Edina's large, soft, dark eyes; the tender, appealing sweetness that gleamed in them; the delicate curve of the quivering, sensitive lips, and the tremor that seemed to run along the blue veins which showed so distinctly in the thoughtful brow, and throbbed in the long, slender, white throat. At the very moment that Mrs. Tregabbitt had come to the conclusion her young guest was nearly an idiot, Kate formed the opinion that she was a genius. Perhaps, as all superlatives are misleading, both were wrong.

When the silent dinner was concluded, and the rosy evening light was gradually deepening into more sombre tints, Kate opened a piano in the room, and began to

play and sing a simple hymn. She had not touched the instrument since her father's death, and her touch and voice were both low and tremulous. Something in the tones drew Edina from her seat by the window to the piano. A splendid or triumphant strain would, it may be, have repelled her; but this voice, in which love and sorrow blended with emotion, spoke to the lonely heart of the friendless schoolgirl. Almost before she was aware of it, the tears had gathered in her lustrous eyes, and were slowly welling over and rolling down her cheeks. Mrs. Tregabbitt had ensconced herself in an easy chair, and was lulled by the strain into enjoying a nap, which gave her tongue a comfortable respite. When Kate had finished, Edina timidly said—

"Pray go on—I do not often hear English hymns."

It was the longest sentence the poor girl had uttered, and she stopped, frightened at her own temerity. Something in her voice betrayed the fact that she was weeping.

"What is the matter? Are you not happy?"

"Oh, yes," hastily rejoined the startled girl—a blush so hot as well as bright that it might almost dry her tears rushing over face and neck; "quite happy—that is, now."

Kate, interested in this quiet homage paid to her musical talents, and by no means naturally indifferent to praise, whether spoken or implied, continued to play and sing all her old, grand, yet simple devotional favourites; and then, the music and the twilight having both done their work in bringing the two young hearts together, Miss Ormond asked—

"And how much longer are you to remain at school?"

"I have no idea."

There was a pause, and then Edina ventured a question, in the lowest whisper—

"Do you know my grandpapa?"

"Yes, certainly, I do."

"How I wish I knew him!" sighed Edina.

"I wish you did; and you shall, if I can manage it. It's shameful for you not to know your only relative."

"Madame le Blanc says it's the just punishment of disobedience."

"But it was not your disobedience; it was your mother's."

"Oh, don't say a word about it," interposed the poor girl.

"Why, you never knew her."

"No; but I cannot hear her blamed: it goes to my heart; for if I did not have the joy of loving her in life, I may surely love her memory in death."

"You little loving heart, what you must have suffered all these lonely years!" said Kate, taking Edina's hand; but the latter, fearing her own voice, removed her chair a little, saying, with reserve—

"I do not complain—only——"

"Only, I think we had better have lights," cried Mrs. Tregabbitt, suddenly waking "I hate twilight: it's such a moping time—though, my dear Kate, your music has been delightful: I've enjoyed it wonderfully. But, see, there's a bright moon. I think we may as well go home with our young friend. Has she found her tongue? Upon my word! am I to tell my good friend,

Mr. Graspington, that his granddaughter is dumb—eh?”

“Oh, pray, madam, do not tell him anything against me,” said Edina, alarmed out of her silence.

“Who?—I—no; I’m your friend, young lady—though I’m not sure but he, like many other gentlemen, would have no objection to a dumb lady relative, if she were going to live with him. All the gentlemen I ever knew—except, indeed, your dear papa, my love,” addressing Kate—“want all the talk to themselves—ah, that they do. Why, look at the newspapers; don’t they make speeches four or five hours’ long? I think, child, they’re perfectly tiresome with their talk. But let us get on our things; and tell me, you little mute,” addressing Edina, “can we cross over the ramparts to your school? I suppose, child, you’re not too scared to tell me that?”

“Yes, madam; there is a path that leads to a private gate in the playground: the gate is kept locked, but there is a bell.”

“And is it nearer from here than by the road?” said Mrs. Tregabbitt.

“Yes, much nearer.”

And so the three were soon walking along the streets, from which the inhabitants were all gone to a *fête* in a neighbouring village, which in that part of France is called a “*Ducasse*,” and they mounted the grass-grown ramparts, or earthworks, walked a short distance, and then descended the opposite side down a path that was shaded by a clump of trees, and an undergrowth that formed a thicket. As they approached the gate of the playground, they saw some one leaning against it, and, apparently, looking over the top. In the imperfect light, rendered still less clear by the shadow of the trees, they could not discern more than a dark figure, which, on their approach, moved swiftly away, and was lost in the thicket. It was not the presence, but the sight, that rather startled the ladies; and yet, as Mrs. Tregabbitt very justly argued, in an under tone, it was not wonderful that one person should be startled by three.

“It is, no doubt, the shepherd,” said Edina; and they then remembered that a flock of lean, long-legged sheep—“dogs in disguise,” Mrs. Tregabbitt called them—were grazing the scanty herbage of the slopes that day. They had some time to wait at the gate before the bell was answered; and, as neither Kate nor her *chère mère* wanted again to see Madame le Blanc, they parted from their young acquaintance of the last few hours, Kate whispering, “You will hear from us soon,” and receiving in reply a fervent grasp of the hand from the silent girl, which uttered thanks as eloquently as words could.

As they turned away, and the playground gate was closed on them, Mrs. Tregabbitt said, loud enough for Edina, if she had been listening, to hear—

“Well, of all the uninteresting creatures that ever I saw—pale, glum, shaky, queer—this girl of Mr. Graspington’s is the worst.”

“Do you think so?—do you really think so?” said Kate, in unfeigned surprise. “She interests me greatly. I shouldn’t wonder but she is very clever.”

“Clever! my dear; why, she has not spoken twenty words. And how I tried to get her to talk! how I questioned her, and tired myself starting subjects! My dear, her mouth couldn’t be harder to open if it was an oyster—ha, ha!”

She laughed at her own conceit, but Miss Ormond was not driven from her opinion. “A person with so much feeling cannot be a simpleton, *chère mère*,” she said, which gave her matronly friend the opportunity of replying—

“Well, you are the kindest soul; you always see something good in every one.”

“No, no; I do not, as a rule, trouble myself enough about people to find out the good, or care for the evil; but this girl greatly interests me—she is a character.”

“Well, she’s certainly no beauty—you’ll admit that. Beside you to-day, she looked like, as I once heard a poetic friend of mine say—I’m not poetic myself—like a shadow by a sunbeam.”

“I’m sure, *chère mère*, you are very flattering; but I cannot say Edina Smith is no beauty, for I think she has what will be great beauty—”

“Ah, will be, when bones, and veins, and big eyes are all the fashion; that won’t be yet, my love. If you’ve found out that this girl is a beauty, I’m not at all surprised you’ve discovered she’s a genius—not at all. But, bless me! where are we?”

The last sentence was spoken in a startled tone, for they both discovered that instead of returning by the path up the rampart by which they had descended, they must have gone the other side of the thicket, and kept along the slope of the earthwork, until they had reached its extent and were stopped by a dwarf wall. As they stood a moment, perplexed, and looking towards the twinkling lights of the town, they were both suddenly rooted to the spot by hearing voices the other side of the wall, one of them broken by weeping. It was probably the thick-coming sobs of the woman which had prevented Mrs. Tregabbitt and Kate’s approach being heard, for in angry tones, as if fearing interruption, a man’s voice said, in perfectly good English—

“It is miserable infatuation! I thought you were up to some such folly; and this day I have watched you, and seen your senseless manoeuvres. You know the terms he made. If ever anything is to be got out of him—and something shall, or my name’s not—”

“Have a little pity! Do you think I have no feeling?”

“Pity! feeling! Pity yourself—have feeling for me. Was I born to be skulking about like this? No, I won’t; and you’d better be spending your time like a rational woman, and not like a drivelling maniac.”

“Maniac! if I am one, it’s you have made me so,” gasped the woman, between her sobs.

The thud of a heavy blow was heard, followed by a shuddering groan, as of one lying on the ground. Mrs. Tregabbitt, as if she had been in an English town, ran to the top of the bank, and called aloud, “Police! police!”

(To be continued.)

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